

TRI-WEEKLY KENTUCKY YEOMAN.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOL. XIX.

THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

Steamboat Departures.

Steamer Blue Wing No. 3 leaves every Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M. for Louisville.
Steamer Wren leaves every Saturday at 12 M. for Cincinnati.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

FRANKFORT AND LOUISVILLE.

On and after my 11th, 1871, trains will leave Frankfort daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

From Louisville 7:45 A. M. 3:30 P. M.
Arrive at Louisville 11:00 A. M. 6:30 P. M.
Leave Louisville 2:50 P. M. 6:00 A. M.
Arrive at Frankfort 7:00 P. M. 2:35 A. M.

Stage Departures.

From Lexington and Danville (Daily) 2:30 A. M.
Arrive at Lexington 6:30 A. M.
Leave Danville (Dah) 10:00 A. M.
Arrive at Frankfort 10:00 A. M.
Leave at Capital Hotel.

Time for Closing the Mails.

First Louisville and Western mail closed 6:30 A. M.
First Lexington, Cincinnati, and Eastern mail 6:30 A. M.
Second Louisville and Western mail 2:45 P. M.
Second Louisville and Cincinnati mail 2:45 P. M.
Newspaper mail closed at 6:45 P. M.
Milwaukee, Versailles, and Georgetown mail 6:45 A. M.
Cincinnati and Clarksville mail closed 7:25 A. M.
Forks of Etchorn, Great Frost, and White Sulphur mail closed at 9:00 A. M.
Milwaukee open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6:30 P. M.
JAMES G. HATCHITT, P. M.

BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow mortal without fixed and fearless views, hanging on the skirts of others, walking in their cast-off shoon, bowing low to wealth or favor, with abject, uncoerced head, ready to retreat or waver, willing to be driven or led; walk yourself with firmer bearing, throw your mortal shoulders back, show your spine has nerve and marrow—just the things which his mast lack.

A stronger word was never heard in sense and tone, than this, backbone.

When you see a theologian hugging close some ugly creed, fearing to reject or question

dogma which his priest may read, holding back all malevolence, choking down each manly view, caring more for forms than words, than to know the Good and True; walk yourself with firmer bearing, throw your mortal shoulders back, show your spine has nerve and marrow—just the things which his mast lack.

A stronger word was never heard in sense and tone, than this, backbone.

When you see a politician, crawling through contracted holes, beguiling for some lat position, in the ring up at the polls, with no stirring manhood in him—nothing above, broad or sound, destined of pluck or ballast, double sides all around; walk yourself with firmer bearing, throw your mortal shoulders back, show your spine has nerve and marrow—just the things which his mast lack.

A stronger word was never heard in sense and tone, than this, backbone.

A modest song and plainly told—the text is worth a mine of gold; for in many most silly tick a noble stiffness in the back.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

It was into one of the bombproofs of the Fortress of St. Marguerite that, on the 30th day of April, 1658, a man was introduced by Monsieur de St. Mars. He had conducted him from Pignerol, in Piedmont, then a province of France, where he had been incarcerated since 1662. This prisoner wore upon his face, night and day, a mask of black velvet fastened upon board a copper, and so constructed as to permit of the free use of the mouth. The furniture of his prison was of the most sumptuous description. The vessels of his toilet and of his table were of silver, and Saint Mars, who served him with his food, never presumed to sit in his presence. The order was to kill him the moment he uncovered his face. The fame of this prisoner has gone through all the countries of the world, as

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

One day the prisoner wrote upon a silver plate, with the point of his knife, and threw it out of his window towards a fisherman's boat that lay just under the wall of his prison. The fisherman picked it up and carried it to the Governor of the Fortress, St. Mars. He took it, greatly astonished, and asked the fisherman if he had read what was written upon it; and upon his replying that he did not know how to read, he had him held in custody until he had the most positive proof of the fact, and that the plate had been seen by no one else; he then dismissed him, saying: "You are a fortunate fellow in not knowing how to read." Immediately after this occurrence, the Governor had fastened into the walls (about twelve feet thick), outside of one of the windows of his prison, a triple network of strong iron bars. They are still to be seen there, half consumed by rust.

No demand of the prisoner, possible to supply, was refused him. He had the greatest fondness, amounting to a kind of mania, for the finest linen and lace. The fact is well known that, at the request of Madam de Saint Mars, Madam le Bret, his intimate friend, hired herself at Paris in choosing the finest linens and most beautiful laces, which were sent to him in prison.

One day a frater saw something white floating on the water, under the window of his prison. He crept around the foot of the wall, and drew it up, and carried it to St. Mars. It was very tightly folded up. St. Mars unfolded it, and found it to be a fine linen shirt, upon which the prisoner had written from end to end. With an air of great concern he asked the frater if he had the curiosity to read what was written upon the shirt. The latter protested many times that he had read nothing. Nevertheless, two days later he was found dead in his bed.

At another time he demanded that they should bring in a woman to live with him in his prison. A woman of Mongus was found willing, for the price offered, which was a fortune for her poor chidren. But when she was about entering the door of the prison, she was told she was never to come out, or see her children, or to have any relation with any human being. She refused to shut up with a prisoner whose acquaintance cost so dear.

At one time the arrogant minister of Louis XIV, the infamous Duke du Louvois, came to see the prisoner, and it was observed that he stood up in his presence, and spoke to him with great respect and humility.

In September 1668, the prisoner was transferred, still under the conduct of St. Mars, to the Bastille, to Paris, where, as one may still

read in the journal of Monsieur du Jones, the King's Lieutenant of the Bastille, "he died suddenly, on the 19th of November, 1703, at 4 o'clock in A. M. 'Surprised by death,' says the Lieutenant, 'he was not able to receive the sacraments, but our minister exhorted him to do so before he died.' In the night after his decease, they buried him in the cemetery of the parish of St. Paul's, under the name of Marchiali, aged about 49 years. On the morrow of his interment, a person buried the grave-digger to uncover the body, thinking to get a view of the unskinned face, as the faces of the dead are usually unskinned. They found, in the place of the head, a large stone."

"The old surgeon of the Bastille," says Voltaire, "told me that he had often seen the tongue of this unknown, but never his face, he was a person admirably well made, with a slightly brown skin, and a most engaging voice. He never complained of his condition."

When the people of Paris took the Bastille in July, 1789, upon examining its register it was found that the last, corresponding to the year 1693, the year of his entrance there, had been cut out. And who was "the Man in the Iron Mask?" Many voices have been filled with conjectures, in which the names of men of many countries, and various conditions, and some women, too, have figured—the Duke of Beaufort, for instance, surmised

RING OF THE HALLS,

who was the natural son of Cesar de Vendome, the natural son of Henry IV, by Gabriel d'Estrees. But at the defense of Candie, in 1667, the Turks took this king of the Halls, cut off his head, and sent it to Constantinople. The Duke of Monmouth was another. But well-authenticated state records prove that the blessed King James had him publicly executed in the city of London, in 1655.

Mariotti, secretary of the Duke of Mantua, was another. And an old physician of Cuneo, who was called to him professionally in his prison at St. Marguerite, declared that "the Man in the Iron Mask" was a woman, that he knew it by the feeling of his pulse.

Whoever he was, it is quite evident that the old fox, Cardinal Richelieu, and the powers he served himself with, did not wish to have his secret known. Nor did he seem in expedient to conceal it at once and forever in the grave; it served him better to keep it as a menace for his enemies.

In an addition of the editor to the work of Voltaire, published in 1771, and consequently, while he, Voltaire, was still living, and which addition, the learned fabulographer Buffon, ascribes to Voltaire himself, it is written: "The Man in the Iron Mask was, without doubt, a woman."

THE SON OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

but not the son of Louis XIV, I say.

Whoever would know the whole argument may consult the said addition of the editor in the published works of Voltaire, or by a student, may read in a letter of Benjamin Franklin, written while he was ambassador at the Court of Versailles, to John Jay, as follows:

"Yesterday I had a conversation with the Duke de Richelieu. He seems favorably disposed to our cause. I told him very much in speaking of the administration of his glorious creature, the Cardinal de Richelieu, that he was ignorant of this affair, so as to ask him if he was ignorant to whom the Man in the Iron Mask was, since it was quite evident that he must have been born during the administration of the Card. Richelieu. My interlocutor at first took an air of great mystery, then, telling me that the matter in question was a secret of state, he revealed to me what follows, and without fear, I venture to you, That the Iron Mask was a child, Anne of Austria, and probably the Duke of Buckingham was his father. The queen, having no one in whom she dared confide, threw herself into the arms of her enemy, the Card. Richelieu, who arranged everything to hide the affair from the king. It was this event which determined Richelieu to bring the king and the queen together—the latter, up to this time, having been considered a virgin; then the birth of Louis XIV, and of Monsieur. The illegitimate child, as first conjectured by Madame Motteville, was, after the death of Richelieu, taken away from her by Mazarin, who, from the age of sixteen years until his death, kept him shut up in prison. The resemblance of the captive to Louis XIV, was astonishing; and these the mask may indeed wear. They wished to avoid political complications as well as to hide the weakness of Anne of Austria."

The story runs that Louis XIV, only knew of the existence of this elder brother from Cardinal Mazarin at the hour of his death, and then when near his own end, he confided the secret to the Regent d'Orleans, from whose daughter, Mme de Valois, afterwards Duchess of Modena, the Duke de Richelieu obtained it a period when he was her lover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COAL! COAL!

BLACK & CHINN,

AT THEIR OLD STAND, HAVE NOW A FULL SUPPLY OF

KENTUCKY RIVER,

CAMPBELL'S CREEK,

PEYTONA, CANNEL, AND

PITTSBURG COALS,

THAT THEY ARE SELLING AT THE VERY LOWEST MARKET RATES.

O. F. C.

Hand-Made Sour-Mash Whisky,

FOR USE OF THE FAMILY AND THE BUSINESS,

ITS PURITY AND SUPERIORITY (SO WELL KNOWN AND APPRECIATED IN THIS COMMUNITY) ESPECIALLY COMMAND IT FOR THE BUSINESS.

E. H. TAYLOR, Jr.

Rye Wanted.

WANTED TO PURCHASE A FEW THOUSAND BUSHELS GOOD RYE, FOR WHICH THE HIGHEST PRICE WILL BE PAID.

G. B. MACKLIN.

NOTICE.

VISITORS ARE ONLY RECEIVED AT THE INSTITUTION FOR FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN.

THURSDAY EVENINGS,

BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 2 AND 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Parents and Guardians having Children in the Institution, and Members of the Legislature are not included in this notice.

E. H. BLACK,

Superintendent.

JOB WORK neatly executed at

Kentucky Yeoman Office.

Sept. 25th.

JOHN DICKINSON,

Farmdale Post-office, Franklin County, Ky.

100 acres cleared, the balance in wood land and grass, comfortable house, containing fire-places, and a hall, stables, smoke and a wash-house, and office, necessary out-buildings, with a small orchard and other fruit.

TERRELL, Address, J. T. TAYLOR.

JOHN DICKINSON,

Franklin County, Ky.

100 acres cleared, the balance in wood land and grass, comfortable house, containing fire-places, and a hall, stables, smoke and a wash-house, and office, necessary out-buildings, with a small orchard and other fruit.

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Franklin County, Ky.

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THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN

PUBLISHED BY

G. I. M. MAJOR.

TERMS.

12¢ The Tri-Weekly Kentucky Yeoman is published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at five dollars per annum, invariably in advance. The Yeoman may be sent to me at our risk.

The Weekly Yeoman is published every Friday at two dollars per annum, in advance.

All remittances to Cleba.

ADVERTISING.

Rates of advertising in Tri-Weekly: One square, first insertion..... 12¢

One square, 10 lines or less, 1 insertion..... 10¢

One square, 10 lines or less, 1 insertion..... 10¢

For each subsequent insertion..... 5¢

Two double columns a page, 10¢ per cent.

To occupy a fixed place, 50 per cent.

12¢ Local notice, 20 cents a line each.

12¢ General notice can be made for larger advertisements to be inserted more than once.

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, Editor.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 5, 1871.

SOMETHING NOT POLITICAL.

We have read with much interest an address delivered last week before the Central Agricultural Association of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, by Gen. John S. Marmaduke, of Missouri, who raised a farmer boy, a graduate of West Point, and a distinguished Confederate officer, has since the war turned his sword into a ploughshare.

It is a straightforward, practical address, full of good hard common sense, and with just enough grace of composition in it to show that the author is a scholar as well as a writer. We have been, perhaps, more interested in it than a casual reader would, from the fact that we have known him well for twenty years, and bear in our memory no picture more vividly, than when he joined us as a collegemate, a flaxen-haired Missouri boy, a year or two younger than oneself, full of the same energy, ambition, and self-reliance which have been his marked characteristics in mature years.

We would be glad to publish the whole address, but must content ourselves with giving the following brief extracts: The first is a tribute to the farmer, and the second some practical advice on the subject of immigration needed by the South:

Never before in the history of the United States was there an administration so utterly shameless as that of Gen. Grant. Never before were the public conscience and the public sense of decency so ignominiously insulted. Never before had we a President so indifferent to right and wrong that he could appoint a convicted bribe-taker to high office under his administration, and not only keep him in power after his character had been revealed, but promote him to other places of distinction where he could gain still greater riches by similar acts of venality and fraud."

N. Y. Sun.

GRANT AND THE BAYONET LAW.

12¢ I supported General Grant solely to finish up reconstruction by the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. This done, I was done with him. Now my whole active life has been devoted to establishing the anti-slavery principles now engrained upon the Constitution.

The victory being won, I have no taste for scouring the field to rifle the slain! The slavery controversy is ended, and the Republicans will find that they cannot construct a Presidential platform out of debris of a demolished rebellion, nor elevate the negroes into infinite prominence on the points of Federal bayonets."

H. B. Stanton.

Is it possible we are to be put down by the Government we have sustained? If that be the case, the sooner this Government is torn down and a monarchy built upon its ruins the most, feels the noblest, and acts the best.

Should training, then, be termed an un-thinking and ignoble profession? Again, the great leading interest of your State, indeed of all the Southern States—most interest in which every other is founded, and which finds occupation for three-fourths of our people, and support for all—its agriculture, and yet, what is the great theme of the orators who run your State and banquette your people? Is it agriculture? Nine times out of ten, it is politics, or something of a kindred character; it is the praise or abuse of some political chief or aspirant. How seldom do they allude to those quiet but earnest and useful citizens who are working valleys beautiful with their golden harvests, their meadows filled with fine stock, and your hillsides garlanded with the vine. Our trumpet orators will tell us how many days General Grant passes at his gorgeous villa at Long Branch, and speak of the movements of the leading politicians of the country, but rarely will you hear from them of the McCormicks or Collings, the Hardings, Allens, Alexanders, and Bulwicks, or any of that class of men who have devoted their lives to perfect these great agricultural implements by which our men can with ease perform the labor of five, or hazard their fortunes in importing and improving the domesticated stock of our country. We find recorded the names of those who discovered and made use of gunpowder, but no record is kept of him who taught the first ox to draw.

We find eliminating the pages of ancient history the names of those who led the serried hosts to battle and to death, but 'tis a rare thing to find on those same pages the names of those who taught those other and wiser lessons, the tilling of the soil, or who dedicated their lives to the production of industrial pursuits of any kind.

You need more money and more men to buy and work all your idle lands and to build up and operate your manufactoryes and to increase your commerce. In a word, you want large and substantial immigration; not that class which followed in the path of the victorious Northern army—the scatwars and carpet-baggers who, jackall-like, sneaked in after the battle was won to prey upon the defenseless. These wretches are no type of the great Northern masses, for they were banished from their own section for the same offenses they have committed against you; they are, as compared to the true men of the North, as the vulture to the eagle. You want the sturdy, skilled and honest labor of the North, invite those men, with their wives and children, to come among you; offer them cheap hospitable homes; they will bring with them money, muscle, and integrity, and you will soon find them pleasant and valuable neighbors, and you will be astonished with what readiness and sincerity they become identified with and devoted to the true interests of Tennessee.

THE SAN DOMINGO BUSINESS—GRANT VIOLATING THE SAN DOMINGO CONSTITUTION:

The following extract are from the Chicago speech of Hon. Carl Schurz:

"The Constitution has been violated in one of its most vital principles, and nothing in any degree to be compared with this act of usurpation has ever happened in the whole history of this republic."

"Only look at it. The power to declare war is by the Constitution delegated to Congress and not to the President, and this for the simple reason that the peace of the country should not be the foot-ball of a single individual's ambition, and that war, with its sacrifices and misery, should not be entailed upon the people except by the action of the representatives of the people."

"I shall not cease to strive that this present may be annulled by the proper authority as long as I have a voice to speak or a pen to write. I cannot, I shall not endorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it. Veneration and calumny may be heaped upon me. I am conscious of a good purpose, and, cannot but be inflexible. And if I stand solitary and alone, I would not cease to sound the signal of danger, deeply convinced as I am that future events will justify my warning."

GRANT WILL NOT DIE A POOR MAN.

Jefferson died poor, and Monroe was induced to charity for the slaves that bore his epitaph. To think of our President dying poor! Let the admirers of Grant rest assured that no such calamity awaits his final exit, if it can be averted by the laying of a large sum of lands, tenements, houses, stocks, bonds, plate, horses, carriages, and other valuables, the gifts of grateful office-holders, and of hungry expectants who await his re-election to thrust their hands into the treasury."

N. Y. Sun.

THE "HARMONY" IN RADICAL BANKS.

There seems to be as little hope of uniting the party as ever, and the Republican voters will still be misrepresenting the leaders of the organization. The old fight of Conkling against Fenton, of the office-holders against those who hold office, is as irreconcilable as ever. No principle is involved; the efforts of both are confined to the struggle for patronage and for revenge, and the whole party subsides

for the time being.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW DEPARTURISTS.—Montes Novi De-partient nesciunt ridiculus.

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THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

Clay and Buchanan—Interesting Reminiscences.

(From the Washington Chronicle.)

Henry Clay never fully forgave James Buchanan for the part he played in 1824-25 in the celebrated bargain and sale by which it was charged that Clay gave the vote of Kentucky to John Quincy Adams for President instead of Gen. Jackson, in consideration of his subsequent appointment by Adams to the department of State. Buchanan was then a Representative in Congress from the old Lancaster, Chester, and Delaware district in Pennsylvania. Chosen originally as a Federalist, he became a Democrat under the influence of Jackson's popularity, while Clay, originally a Democrat, became a violent Whig antagonist of Jackson and his party. In 1824-5, Buchanan was in his thirty-fifth year, and Clay in his forty-eighth. The accusation that Clay had supported Adams for a place in his cabinet, long insisted upon by his adversaries, aroused the bitterest passions, and was航tly and indignantly repelled by himself. He was made to believe that the story was started by the young member from Lancaster, but this was always denied by the latter, and he wrote several letters effectually disproving it, but they were not satisfactory to the impudent Kentuckian. It will be recollected that John Randolph, of Virginia, was one of Clay's fiercest assailants, and he carried his enmity so far that it led to a duel between them which terminated without bloodshed. Some ten years later, Clay and Buchanan were both in the United States Senate together, and the latter was one of the leaders of the Democracy. Clay did not conceal his dislike of the Pennsylvania, and sought every occasion to show it. One memorable day he rose and made a studied attack upon the Democrats, and especially upon Gen. Jackson. Mr. Buchanan was put forward to answer him, which he did with his best ability. When he took his seat, Mr. Clay rose, with well-weighed surprise, and sarcastically remarked that "he had made no allusion to the Senator from Pennsylvania. He was referring to the *leaders*, not to the subordinates of the Democracy." Upon which Buchanan took the floor and said that the Senator from Kentucky was certainly in error, because he had pointedly and repeatedly looked at him while he was speaking. Clay quickly and smirkingly retorted by alluding to Buchanan's slight obliquity of vision. "I beg to say, Mr. President," he remarked, "that the mistake was the Senator's, and not mine. Unlike him, sir, I do not look one way and run another." It was a cruel thrust; and when a gentleman reproached Clay for his baseness, he shrugged his shoulders, and said "Oh, d—n him, he deserved it. He writes letters." On another occasion Buchanan defended himself against the charge of hostility to the second war with England by showing that he had turned a troupe of Lancaster horse, and rode to Baltimore, to resist the invader. "Yes, Mr. President," was Clay's prompt rejoinder, "I remember that event, and I remember also that by the time the Senator got into Maryland the enemy had fled. Doubtless they had heard of the approach of the distinguished gentleman and retired before the prestige of his coming."

But true, if it does not make all things even, mollifies the passions of men. Mr. Buchanan was too much a man of the world—to accomplish a coterie—not to soften the asperity of so proud a spirit as Clay. They frequently met in society in after years, especially at the dinner-table. If they did not become friends at least, ceased to be enemies. And in 1856, when Buchanan became the Democratic candidate for President, he had no more hearty supporter than the son of the great Kentuckian, James B. Clay, who, after having served in the Confederate army, died at Montreal on the 23rd of January, 1864.

Benton who had always opposed Buchanan's aspirations, because he regarded him as weak and timid, finally championed him in that year, even against his own son-in-law, Fremont. Rufus Choate, Webster's nearest friend, was on the same side: so were John Van Buren and his father, notwithstanding both held Buchanan's friends accountable for the nomination of Polk in 1844. Webster himself, had he lived, would, I think, have voted the same way; and perhaps Henry Clay would have preferred the man who so solemnly pledged himself to put an end to the slavery agitation. They both died, Clay in September and Webster in October of 1852, and were spared the mortification of Choute, Benton and the Van Burens, when James Buchanan yielded to the fire-eaters and tried to force slavery into the Kansas.

Curiosities of Life.

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker—some fellow-being crosses the river of death—and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen. Only one person in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single. There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of

Clergymen, orators and public speakers.....43 Farmers.....40 Workmen.....33 Soldiers.....32 Lawyers.....29 Professors.....27 Doctors.....24

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at good old age often as the clergymen and others who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to the neglect of the laws of health, inattention to proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress, and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper of a summer's day and sit around the doors in their shirt-sleeves, and in their tired condition and weakened circulation are easily chilled, laying the foundation for diarrhea, bilious colic, lung fever, or consumption.

A newly invented fly paper, in Titusville, is coveted with nitro-glycerine, glue, and molasses. The flies attracted by the molasses alight, and are stuck fast by the glue. Should any get away, they proceed to rub their legs together in ecstasy, when the friction of their own shins causes the nitro-glycerine adhering to their feet and limbs to explode, blowing them to atoms.

Archbishop Whately once wrote to Mrs. Arnold: "I remember one of my parishes that atalesworth telling me that he thought 'a person should not go to church to be made uncomfortable.' I replied that I thought so, too; but whether it should be the sermon or the man's life that should be altered so as to avoid the discomfort must depend on whether the doctrine was right or wrong."

A political orator in New Orleans recently crowded history by referring to "the iron coffin of DeSoto, containing the gold trumpet presented to that illustrious discoverer by Queen Victoria." "Why, you fool," exclaimed an intelligent auditor, "Queen Victoria wasn't born for more than two hundred years after DeSoto died, an' how could she give him a gold trumpet?" "She left it to him in her will," solemnly replied the orator.

Lord Shaftesbury told at Glasgow of his having whitewashed and painted one of the dirty houses occupied by a family in the foul district of London, and short time afterward returning to find it worse than ever. He said, "What on earth is this?" and the reply was, "Plaze your honor, the house looked so cold and uncomfortable that I sent for the sweep, and axed him to give us a few warm touches."

What the teamster told his horse—a tale of woe.

DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.
Governor—PAUL H. LESLIE.
Secretary of State—A. J. JAMES.
Assistant Secretary of State—W. H. BOTT.
Auditor—D. HOWARD SMITH.
Register—J. A. GRANT.
Superintendent Public Instruction—H. A. M. HENKINS.
Adjutant General—JAMES A. DAWSON.
Quartermaster General—FAVETTE HEWITT.
Insurance Commissioner—GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.
Assistant Insurance Commissioner—HENRY T. STANTON.
Librarian—GEORGE B. CRITTENDEN.
Keeper of Penitentiary—J. W. SOUTH.
Public Printer—S. M. MAJOR.
Public Binder—JOHN M. MARTIN, JR.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Mayor—E. H. TAYLOR, JR.
Police Judge—W. S. PHYR.
Associate Judges—M. R. HAROON, B. J. PE-
TERS, and WM. LINDSAY.
Reporter—W. P. D. BUSH.
Clerk—ALVIN DEVAL.
CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—E. H. TAYLOR, JR.
Police Judge—W. S. PHYR.
Associate Judges—M. R. HAROON, B. J. PE-
TERS, and WM. LINDSAY.
Reporter—W. P. D. BUSH.
Clerk—ALVIN DEVAL.

FRANKFORT, KY.

Board Common Councilmen—E. H. TAYLOR,
Jr., A. G. BRAWNER, Jas. G. DUDLEY, B. F.
MEER, A. J. JAMES, W. P. D. BUSH, L. T. TUBIN,
M. H. WILLIAMS.
Board School Trustees—G. C. DRAKE, D. L.
HALY, J. G. HATCHITT.

FRANKLIN CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge—G. C. DRAKE.
Commonwealth's Attorney—J. D. LILLARD.
Clerk—WALTER FRANKLIN.
Sheriff—JOSEPH ROBINSON.
Assessor—PETER JETT.
Coroner—J. R. GRAHAM.

Court convenes Third Monday in February
and last Monday in August. Chancery
Term—Fourth Monday in June. Fiscal Term—
Last Monday in January.

FRANKLIN COUNTY COURT.

Presiding Judge—R. A. THOMSON.
Clerk—JAMES G. CROCKETT.
County Attorney—ISA JELIAN.

Court convenes first Monday in each
month.

Franklin County Quarterley Court—Holds
its term on the Second Monday in January,
April, July, and October.

JUSTICES' COURTS.

First District—Geo. W. Gwin—Second
Monday in March, June, September, and
December. Philip Swigert—First Saturday in
March, June, September, and December. F.
D. Reddish, Constable.

Second District, B. F. Head—Fourth Sat-
urday in March, June, September and December.
G. C. Hughes—On Saturday after the
first Monday in March, June, September, and
December. James Hughes, Constable.

Third District, William Morris—On first
Saturday after second Monday in March, June,
September, and December. Milton Wigginton
on Thursday after second Monday in March,
June, September, and December. Flournoy
Satellite, Constable.

Fourth District—U. V. Williams and John
W. Jackson—Both on First Saturday in
March, June, September, and December. G.
B. Harrod, Constable.

Fifth District, Joseph Harrod—Fourth Sat-
urday in March, June, September, and December.
Nelson Moore—on Third Friday in March
June, September, and December. George Harrod,
Constable.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH, S. CHURCH—Rev. T. J. DODD, Pastor
Sunday services—11 A. M.; 7 P. M.
Clerk—Rufus Choate, Webster's nearest friend,
and his father, notwithstanding both held
Buchanan's friends accountable for the nomina-
tion of Polk in 1844. Webster himself, had
he lived, would, I think, have voted the same
way; and perhaps Henry Clay would have
preferred the man who so solemnly pledged
himself to put an end to the slavery agitation.

They both died, Clay in September and Webster
in October of 1852, and were spared the
mortification of Choute, Benton and the
Van Burens, when James Buchanan yielded to
the fire-eaters and tried to force slavery into
the Kansas.

These statements are very instructive. Farmers
and workmen do not arrive at good old age
often as the clergymen and others who perform
no manual labor; but this is owing to the
neglect of the laws of health, inattention to
proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping,
dress, and the proper care of themselves after
the work of the day is done. These farmers
or workmen eat a heavy supper of a summer's
day and sit around the doors in their
shirt-sleeves, and in their tired condition and
weakened circulation are easily chilled, laying
the foundation for diarrhea, bilious colic, lung
fever, or consumption.

A newly invented fly paper, in Titusville,
is coveted with nitro-glycerine, glue, and
molasses. The flies attracted by the molasses
alight, and are stuck fast by the glue. Should
any get away, they proceed to rub their
legs together in ecstasy, when the friction of
their own shins causes the nitro-glycerine
adhering to their feet and limbs to explode,
blowing them to atoms.

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PROFESSIONAL.

PHIL. LEY.

D. M. BODMAN.

LEE & RODMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

No. 6, Court Place, Louisville, Ky.

WILL DRAFFORD IN THE UNITED STATES
AND STATE COURTS held in the city of Louisville,
except Jefferson Circuit Court in the County
of the counties of Bullitt, Spencer, Shelby, and Old
ham, and Court of Appeals at Frankfort, dec'd by
G. W. CRADDOCK.

S. F. J. TRABE

CRADDOCK & TRABE, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS

FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice law in the Court of Appeals, the
Federal Court, and in the Circuit Court of the
County of Franklin, and in the Circuit Court of the
County of Jefferson, and in the Court of Appeals
of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

G. W. CRADDOCK, will continue his practice in
the Circuit Court of Franklin, and in the Circuit
Court of Jefferson, and in the Court of Appeals
of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

They will give special attention to the preparation
and management of cases in BANKRUPTCY,

which practice G. F. J. TRABE has had much
experience.

Aug 29 1871.

L. HORD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Frankfort, Ky.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE FEDERAL
COURTS OF THE UNITED STATES, and in the
Circuit Courts of the Commonwealth, and in the
Court of Appeals of the Commonwealth.

He will also practice in the Circuit Court of
Franklin, and in the Court of Appeals of the
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